

CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS, ARE THE FEET OF HIM THAT BRINGETH GOOD TIDINGS, THAT PUBLISHETH PEACE."—Isa. iii, 7.

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SERMON.

By L. F. W. ANDREWS.

"Gavest thou goodly wings unto the peacock? or wings and feathers unto the Ostrich? Which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust, and forgetteth that the foot may crush them or that the wild beast may break them. She is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not her's. Her labor is in vain without fear; because God hath deprived her of wisdom, neither hath he imparted to her understanding."

Job, xxxix, 13-17.

Maternal affection is a principle alike common to the brute that perisheth, and to civilized and uncivilized beings. Throughout all creation that is subject to the directing power of *instinct*, or the more elevated principle of *reason*, there is to be found in the maternal breast a strong and enduring passion, which seeks at all hazards, the support and protection of weak and helpless offspring. The feathered songster of the grove is seen to watch with fond solicitude her defenseless progeny, and with desperate resolve, defend the maternal nest from all hostile invasion, even that of enemies far more powerful and rapacious than herself. The same solicitude is manifested in every species of domestic animal—from the hen that ‘gathers her little brood under her wings,’ to the noble animal which bears our burdens and facilitates our intercourse with different parts of our country. Nor is the savage *hyena* or the fierce *tigress* destitute of this controlling passion. All the most docile as well as the most savage, are powerfully influenced by the promptings of this maternal feeling, which an infinitely wise Creator has implanted in the breast of the creatures he has made, for the most obvious and important reasons. If we ascend yet higher in the scale of creation and intellect, we will discover the same exciting impulses—the same goings-forth of parental anxiety and watchfulness to exhibit themselves in the conduct of the debased Ethiopian and the untutored Indian of the forest. The *passion* may not glow with that cruel fierceness which characterizes the more savage beast of prey; but that it burns with an intensity only extinguished by the hand of death, is a fact which all can understand who have seen its enduring operations.

Ascending one step further—and how pure—how chastened—how beautiful—but yet how disinterested and how *ardent* is that maternal affection which burns on the altar of the heart of a refined, and intellectual woman! How absorbing is the love of such a mother for her offspring! how controlling are its influences and how idolizing are its expressions. It matters not how unworthy is the object of maternal solicitude; *ingratitude* cannot destroy the holy *passion*, *calumny* dimms not its lustre, nor will *saint*, *disease*, or *wretchedness* check its involuntary operations.

Although this instinctive principle is *general* it is not *universal*. Our text informs us of an exception to this common law of nature. Here is an *anomaly* to that otherwise universal principle which distinguishes all *animal* existence. In the ostrich of the desert do we find an animal which is devoid of *natural affection*, which leaveth her eggs in the earth and warmeth them in the dust, and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them, which is ‘hardened against her young ones as

though they were not her’s.’ We believe we may search creation through, and we will fail to find another exception to the all pervading principles of maternal affection. Providence seems to have made this *anomaly*, on purpose to show to us the hateful character of a creature which is destitute of a principle that is so much the object of our admiration as it is the means of our preservation. He seems to have given us an opportunity to learn by contrast the infinite value which we ought to put upon this most ennobling attribute of our natures.

The most prominent traits in the character of the ostrich are *cruelty* and *forgetfulness*, both of which are the necessary results of her deficiency in *natural affection*, for it will be manifest to all that if the latter was possessed in any ordinary degree the former could not be, because they are diametrically opposite in their nature. ‘Can a woman forget her sucking child?’ was a question asked by the prophet Isaiah to show the almost impossibility that a mother, possessing the usual and characteristic principle of affection for her offspring, could *forget* to administer to its helplessness and necessities. The *forgetfulness* of the ostrich is therefore a consequence of her want of *natural affection*—and this forgetfulness is likewise *cruel* in regard to the neglected creature, which cannot supply its own wants, and which is left liable to total destruction, through the carelessness of its parentage. Why the ostrich is thus forgetful of her offspring is thus made known to us: ‘Because God hath deprived her of *wisdom*, neither hath he imparted to her understanding.’ The possession of *natural affection* is then an evidence of wisdom and understanding, and the want of it an evidence that rational intelligence does not distinguish the parent who does not possess it. So true is it, that *ignorance* and *cruelty* are often found connected together in the same individual of the human species. Knowledge expands the mind, refines the passions, and purifies the affections. On the contrary *ignorance* brutalizes and stupifies the whole intellectual and moral system. Man would degenerate into a state of debasement allied to *vandalism*, were all wisdom and knowledge to be taken from him. And so it is with the lower orders of animals. The more stupid and irrational they are, the more insensible are they to the influences of *natural affection*.

From a character so revolting to the better feelings of our natures, as is presented in the ostrich, one would suppose all intelligent beings would turn away with feelings of regret and dissatisfaction. The contemplation of traits of character which are so repulsive to our minds in the abstract, we would suppose would fail of communicating any pleasure to the beholder. And much less should we suppose that any portion of civilized society would be so enamored with these unnatural and anomalous traits of character, as to attribute them to a *Supreme Being*, and pay to him supreme love and adoration! The heathen nations, it is true, often set up objects of the most repulsive character, as deities worthy of worship. Not only do they set up *artificial monsters* of savage men and terrific appearance; the workmanship of their own hands—and pay their devotions unto them, but in many portions of the globe, *living animals* of the most disgusting and savage character are held in high veneration and esteem; yea, wor-

shipped as Gods. The reptile—the serpent, and thousands of other ‘creeping things’ and inanimate objects are idolized with a passion and reverence that would put to blush the *zeal* of the Christian worshipper in paying his ‘thanks unto the Most High.’ But if such idolatry is common in Egypt and other lands where a mental and moral darkness like unto eternal night, prevails—ought it to be expected in this enlightened day and nation, in this land of gospel light and religious liberty? Would it not be a matter of surprise, if we should discover among ourselves a like system of idolatry with that which characterizes the Hottentot or the Egyptian? Startle not at the question. But is it not true that a large portion of the community are the devout worshippers of a creature of their own imaginations—in direct violation of that portion of the decalogue which says, ‘thou shall not make unto thee any graven image or any likeness of anything in heaven above or in the earth beneath or in the water under the earth—nor bow down thyself to them to serve them?’ Is it not a fact that many there are in our day who bow down and worship an image which is the *likeness*, in character and disposition, of that bird of the desert who ‘leaveth her eggs in the earth and warmeth them in the dust and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them’—‘who is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not her’s?’ Is it not a truth of unquestionable reality, that the character given to the God worshipped by many of our friends and neighbors, is almost a *fac simile* of that possessed by the ostrich of the desert? We have seen that *cruelty*, *forgetfulness*, and the want of *wisdom* and *natural affection* are the distinguishing traits in the character of the latter, and we doubt not, on due reflection and examination, that we shall find the *parallel* to hold good, when applied to the former.

And what is the character given to their Deity by many of the professing christians of the day? They do not indeed admit in so many words, that the Being they worship is wanting in *wisdom* or that he is *cruel* and without that affection for his offspring, which the creature himself possesses; but we are not therefore without a criterion whereby to judge correctly in the matter. ‘The tree is known by its fruit,’ and ‘a good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit.’ From the dealing of their Deity with his offspring, we can therefore form an accurate opinion of his character. If those dealings are marked by a merciful disposition and have for their object the happiness of the creature, we can infer with safety that the Creator is a good and merciful being! But if the reverse of this proposition is true, we infer with equal propriety that the Creator is not either good or benevolent. By reference to the oft repeated opinions and assertion of a part of mankind, we discover that their Deity has created innumerable myriads of intelligent beings and placed them upon the earth, endowed with certain appetites and passions, the indulgence of which will necessarily lead them to the commission of sin, and for which sin, an awful place of punishment is prepared for the sinner in eternity, unless he should receive from the hand of Deity a *passport* to heaven. This passport consists in *forgiveness* of all sin here upon earth, and a *radical change* of the creature’s heart, which is *totally depraved*, and which he is not

able himself to change. But unless the sinner gets this passport which is a 'free gift' and not a 'reward' from his Creator, he will inevitably be consigned to an *endless hell*, for the sins committed in the brief space of time he lives in the world! This *hell* is said to have been prepared for *angels* that sinned in heaven before the world was made—from which account it would seem that their Deity knew he was about to create a world and people it with rebellious creatures at the time this *hell* was established, and he therefore made it spacious enough to accommodate all his offspring whom he should think proper to consign to it after times. We conclude that this *receptacle of the damned* was created *before* the formation of the world, as we have no account of its formation since. Well then, we have it thus confirmed by a 'hundred tongues' that their Sovereign Creator first made a place of endless misery called *hell*—then created this *globe* and placed their first parents upon it so constituted as to desire with an uncontrollable appetite forbidden fruit—and because these first parents did not control their desires but eat of this fruit they not only made *themselves*, but all their posterity, *liable* to temporal misery, natural death, and the pains of that endless *hell* forever and ever! And in order to complete the work, we are told that all the descendants of their first parents actually received such an *hereditary taint* that near six thousand years have not been able to cleanse the human system of the pollution handed down from father to son—but that *total moral blindness* or depravity yet disfigures every individual that has since come from the hand of their creator—that they are all the loathsome objects of turpitude from birth, which nothing but his infinite power can remove; and if not removed, will subject the creature to *endless suffering* in the prison-house prepared for such reprobates! We believe we have stated the case fairly—although we have not spoken of the professed difference of opinion among the worshippers of this Creator, in regard to his *predestinating* or *foreknowing* the result of his creating energy. We have not ourselves been able to discover any difference between his *foreordaining* all things that come to pass, and his *foreknowing* to a *certainty* what would, if he is a Being infinite in *wisdom* as he is in power. As this difference of opinion does not extend to a disbelief on the part of either sect, of the existence of a place called *hell*, made before the world was created, or of the *doctrine* that the *depraved nature* of the creature must be *miraculously changed*, which he cannot do himself, there can actually be no real difference of opinion on the subject. If this *hell* was made so opportunely, it must have been designed for something or nothing. If designed for the purpose the advocate of the foreknowledge of his Deity says it will be put to, and is *certainly* so to be used, it is manifest that the whole matter was predetermined; and if his Creator did not so design, when this *hell* was established; why was it made at all? If the Creator did not design or foreknow that his own offspring would inevitably become tenants of that gloomy place, it must have been made at hap-hazard, without any object whatever, except perhaps to exhibit some freak of creative power, for the sole amusement of its author.

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Such, my friends, is a sketch of the system we are called upon to believe, and to worship a Being whose hand has devised the same! And what is the characteristic of a Deity like this? Is not the *cruelty* of the hated ostrich '*tender mercies*', compared with that developed in the doings of such a God? Is not such a Creator 'hardened against' his offspring 'as though they were not his?'
 * * * * *

Far be it from us to impugn the motives of [the worshippers at this shrine.] We have merely sketched a portrait, the *original* of which is furnished us by the devotees themselves. It is not a *caricature*—neither is it the production of a visionary fancy—but an accurate filling up of a figure, the outlines of which they themselves have chalked out. We would not *judge* the secret motives of those who pay their devotions to this popular *idol*, else we should be obliged to condemn many who stand near and dear to the best feelings of our hearts. Among the crowd that throng to the temple of this modern *Juggernaut*, we behold many of those to whom we are united by the most endearing ties of blood and affection! Many there are who prostrate themselves before this *cruel*, *partial*, and *hypocritical* God, whom we would fain take by the hand and lead out of the darkness and bondage with which their noble intellects are fettered. Fain would we break the grievous yoke with which they are harnessed to the car of their implacable Deity, and 'let the oppressed go free.' Would that all those who seem to glory in their delusion, could see a just portraiture of the horrid image they worship! would that we had the tongue of an *angel of light*, that we might persuade our beloved friends, kindred, and neighbors—yea, all the family of man, to 'cast their idols to the moles and to the bats,' and turn unto him who is the God of the whole earth, the 'King of kings and Lord of lords.' To them we would say in the language of the prophet of old—'Why do you spend your money for that which is not bread and your labor for that which satisfieth not—hearken diligently unto me and eat ye that which is good and let your soul delight itself in satiety!'

And why should we not exert all our influence in so noble a cause? Why should we not act the part of the good physician, who probes the festering wound, that he may thereby heal it the more effectually? The exertions of the humane and philanthropic of our race are put forth in the cause of personal liberty, with an alacrity worthy of all praise. The oppressed of every nation, in their efforts to shake off that tyranny with which their bodies are bound are hailed with the shouts of enthusiasm and the sympathy of kindred spirits! The thralldom of mind where ignorance sits enthroned, calls forth all the energies of the wise and great for its removal. Why then should it be a matter of less importance to break down the walls of superstition with which the *moral systems* of those around us are encompassed? Is it of no consequence to us that our dear friends are 'perishing for lack of knowledge' which we can impart to them—a knowledge of an infinitely *gracious* Jehovah, whose nature is *love* and whose mercies are universal? Can we my friends, sit unmoved spectators of that *cruel* idolatry which prostrates before it all that is beautiful and noble in the moral creation, and not stretch forth our hands to wrest our neighbors from under the very *blood stained* wheels of this modern Moloch? Have we no 'bowels of compassion' for the starving myriads around us who are hurried on by a fatal impulse, to drink of the *bitter waters* of *damnation*, while we have an abundance of that 'water of life' which is given 'without money and without price' to every thirsty soul who needs its enlivening influence.

The common impulses of humanity should lead us to exert ourselves to the utmost, in a matter of such interesting importance to the welfare of our fellow mortals. We who acknowledge a Supreme Being who is infinite in all his attributes; who is the unchangeable Father, friend, and benefactor of all the creatures he has made, and whose mercy is from everlasting, and 'over all the works of his hands' should be diligent in our endeavors to induce others to

behold our Creator in those endearing points of view. We should point them to the *impartial* dispensations of our Father in heaven, 'who sendeth rain upon the just and upon the unjust'—who strews our path with present bounties and hath given us the capacities of enjoying the varied blessings of his providence. We should direct them to the contemplation of universal nature in its rich and variegated aspects—all animated creation basking in the sunshine of a joyous and happy existence, and proclaiming in silent but expressive language the *goodness* and *benevolence* of that God, who is the creator and governor of the universe. When they have become satisfied that all they see and enjoy are the work of a Superior Being, who careth for his offspring and is not 'hardened against them as though they were not his,' like the cruel ostrich: we can open up to their astonished vision the page of inspiration, where are developed the benevolent purposes of our Creator for the happiness of his creatures, in time and in eternity. We can point them to the covenant of promise made to our fathers wherein a *blessing* was secured by the immutable determination of a God of truth to all the families and nations of the earth. We can unfold to them the 'mystery of his will' which he has made known to us in the volume of his word, as it regards the final ingathering into one of all the children of men. Yea, we can point them to the *oath* of an immaculate Jehovah, that unto him 'every knee shall bow' in willing subjection to a government of love and faithfulness. Not only so, but we can show them an evidence of the beneficence of the God we worship, in that he has sent his only begotten Son into the world, as a *commendation* of his great *love* to his children; in that our blessed Savior was commissioned and sent forth to preach a *gospel* of good tidings of great *joy* to all people; and, in the *assurance* we have that he will accomplish all the *will* of the Father who sent him, and in the fulness of times, 'finish transgression, make an end of sin, and bring in everlasting righteousness.' When such glorious truths are set in bright array before our idolatrous fellow creatures, and pressed home upon their consciences and their understandings, with a zeal corresponding to the importance of the subject, may we not indulge the pleasing hope of seeing many who now worship an *image of cruelty and malice*, unite with us in 'paying thanks to the Most High' and singing praises unto his name. That such a glorious hope may soon be realized, may the Lord grant for his own name's sake.—Amen

REVIVAL PREACHING.

[A late No. of the Herald and Watchman, published at Montrose, Pa. contains the following. From another article in the same No. we learn it was selected from the chaste and elegant language of a modern Revival Preacher, while holding forth at a recent protracted meeting in that neighborhood. The preacher's name was Birchard. We are inclined to think our Pennsylvania Revivalists must bear off the palm in regard to the ridiculous and absurd; for we do not recollect of ever seeing any thing to exceed this specimen. The preacher, however, must have been unfortunate in his allusions to washing-day, for it is a dangerous cord to strike—particularly by those whose leading efforts appear to be, to enlist female influence.] P.

THE BEAUTIES OF BIRCHARDISM.

"Nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice." We must have the Holy Ghost here to night. Salvation must come out of your hearts. If the church want a revival, they must pray. I am

not going to wear out my lungs. The church must put shoulder to the wheel, as one man, and pray. I can't do it, nor I shan't.

To-morrow morning, you must have your prayer meetings all around your village. Six or eight must get together there, and so, in as many places as you can. Females, as soon as they get their work done up, must also get together at some house. I have been where, for three miles around, it was all prayer—prayer—prayer—echo—echo—echo. That's the way. [Reader, if you want to believe all this to be according to the example of Christ, you must not read Matt. vi, 5, 6.] I have been where salvation come in a stream—I have been where I could hear the Holy Ghost pit a pat—pit a pat—pit a pat—upon the hearts of sinners; and then I could hear it upon the hearts of the anxious, pat—pat.

I would not have come here if I had not thought I could convert more than two or three souls. The church must labor. I can't do it all alone. I have labored enough now to kill five men. O, if I only had some of my Binghamton converts here to pray. If I had had five or six of them, I might have converted 20 or 30 by this time.

I stand in the place of Jesus Christ. If you reject me, it is the same thing as though you rejected Jesus Christ. There is not the millionth part of a hair's breadth difference between my preaching and Jesus Christ's.

Washing on Monday, is one of the devil's inventions. Throughout Europe and America, women get up on Monday morning, before day, and begin to clatter around to get ready for washing, and the house is a perfect bedlam: and before noon, every serious impression that they get on Sunday, is driven out of their minds.

You must not cough so much—you cough up the Spirit, as fast as it goes down. When you go away, you must not open your mouths, and button your jackets tight around you, so as not to let the Holy Ghost escape; and you must pray all night.

[His whole exercises are conducted with the most absolute authority that I ever saw exercised and submitted to, unless by the veriest slaves.]

We must have the house perfectly still. A single sentence falling uninterruptedly upon the ear, may be the means of saving a soul.

[And yet he needlessly interrupts himself, by his peevishness and scolding about every move that is made; that a christian preacher, or a gentleman, would disdain to take notice of.—He petulantly breaks off in the middle of a sentence, with some such expression as the following:]

Shut that door. Open that door, and don't shut it again till I tell you. Sexton, open those doors in the gallery. That child must be carried out doors. Sexton, let that fire alone. Let that fire alone, I say. Turn that dog out door. Stop coughing. Stop there, no going out door. Don't come in and go out again. Come down out of the gallery, boys, &c. &c.

To the anxious, he says—"Will you give up your heart to God? Say! Open your mouth and receive the Holy Ghost. Now open your mouth, and say after me, O, Lord I give up my heart to thee." [And he seizes hold of a man's under jaw, and bears down his chin, to make him open his mouth and say it.

Notwithstanding the folly, extravagance, arrogance, impudence, dictation and tyranny of the principal actor; (assisted by a few, who, like clowns in a play, try to imitate their master, and make a fool of it,) such as his eccentricity and oratory, he has sustained alone this farce, for 12 days and nights in succession, to the amusement of the multitude, and to the *captivity* (for we will not say conversion) of a few.]

POPULAR PHRASES AND MAXIMS.

Of these there are many in common use among christians, and they are repeated with as much confidence and veneration as if they were the language of inspiration; and many who suppose themselves well versed in the scriptures, hesitate not to receive and repeat them as Bible sayings; but which upon examination will be found to be without authority in the sacred volume. The word *Trinity* is not found in the Bible, nor the words, "three persons in the Godhead," or "three persons and one God." It is no where stated in the Bible that Christ came into the world to reconcile God to man—to appear the Father's wrath, or to make satisfaction to divine justice for the sins of mankind. The word atonement is found but once in the New Testament, Rom. v, 11, and there it is the same word which in other places is rendered reconciliation, as in 2 Cor. v, 18. "All things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath committed unto us the ministry of reconciliation." The words, Adam's fall, original sin, total depravity, the covenants of works, and the covenant of grace, are not in the Bible, nor are the phrases, finally impenitent, eternal death, or as death leaves us, judgment will find us. The words, change of heart, getting religion, and the declaration that mankind are probationers for a future state of happiness, are not in the Bible. There is no direction in the scriptures to pray to be saved from punishment or misery in another world, or another state of being, nor any instance in which our Savior or his apostles ever so prayed, either for themselves, or in behalf of others; which, however, has since been made the principal subject of the prayers of christians. There is but one instance where a judgment after death is mentioned in the Bible, which is Hebrews ix, 27, and in which place the connexion shows evidently that both the death and the judgment are figurative and typical.

Our Savior reprimanded the conduct of the Scribes and Pharisees for their adherence to traditional maxims and customs, by which they in many instances, made the commandment of God of no effect. Quoting the declaration of God by the prophet Isaiyah, he says, "In vain they do worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." St. Paul to the Colossians says, "Beware lest any man spoil you, through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ." That there are many religious maxims and customs in the *christian* church, adhered to with great tenacity and zeal, which can be traced to no higher authority than the commandments and traditions of men, will upon careful inquiry, be evident; traditions both in doctrine and discipline. They have been accumulating for ages, among protestants as well as papists. They have been sanctioned by creeds, canons, and ecclesiastical conventions, and councils: and also by popular opinion, or rather popular submission without investigation. It has been thought presumptuous to question their authority, or doubt their sacred character, *heresy* to deny them, and *schism* to depart from them. But thanks be to God for the redeeming spirit which is every where awaking. Blessed be the light which is spreading in every direction, and the freedom of inquiry and examination, which is more and more exercised; before which, tradition, prejudice, superstition, and unhallowed ecclesiastical domination are yielding, and must yield, to the triumph of rational and liberal principles, and the generous influence of that religion which teaches to call no man master, which makes free indeed, and which is pre-eminently calculated to display the glory of God, and to promote peace, harmony, and good will among men.

Christian Pilot.

SELECTED

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

It is an allowed truth, that virtue is necessary for the enjoyment of true happiness. But virtue may be divided into various classes; among the foremost of which ranks unfeigned benevolence, or an ardent desire to do good to all around us. This is not an ornamental quality only, but the rarest endowment of the human mind. On its possessors it entails the greatest honor and also the highest delight. For what satisfaction can equal that which arises from the consciousness of having wiped away the tear of distress. Sensual pleasures, when pursued for a season, vanish, and only remain in the memory "as a tale that is told," with the addition of self-reproach; whereas beneficence, as an ever green, continually flourishes, and affords living memorials of its intrinsic worth. To relieve a virtuous family in distress, to be the instrument of preservation to a fellow mortal, yields a satisfaction far superior to the glittering of ostentatious grandeur or the frivolities of vice.

How many immense sums are daily lavished by the affluent in the pomp of retinue, equipage, and dress! How large a quantity of viands from the dinner of one epicure, might, if properly employed, redeem many from the horrors of famine! The rich man wonders that he is unhappy, yet is ignorant of the cause. He becomes more extravagant, and then expects felicity—Fatal mistake! When on the bed of sickness, the prayers of the fatherless and the widow are not offered up for his recovery; and when he dies he is unlamented. Neither the tear of gratitude nor the sigh of heart-felt sorrow, bewail his loss! But the man who is benevolent, is beloved and revered during life—when dead he is deplored with the tenderness of friendship, and his memory is cherished.

T.
Prove all things. 1 Thess. v, 21.] This precept may have been originally intended for those spiritual men who had the gift of discerning spirits, and whose office it was to try those who pretended to prophesy, or to speak by inspiration; and to direct the church in their opinion, concerning them. Nevertheless, it may be well understood in a more general sense, as requiring Christians in all ages, before they receive any religious doctrine, to examine whether it be consonant to right reason and to the word of God. On this precept Binson's remark is, "What a glorious freedom of thought do the apostles recommend! And how contemptible in their account is a blind implicit faith! May all christians use this liberty of judging for themselves in matters of religion, and allow it to one another and to all mankind!"—*Macknight.*

Original.

The reader has probably seen from Br. Wells' letter* that our Presbyterian brethren in Centre-ville, not only manifested an illiberal spirit in turning a respectable audience from a church on which they had a claim, but in so doing pursued a course directly calculated to injure their own cause. The Wednesday evening following, the writer of this had the pleasure of delivering his message in the commodious Baptist Church in Warwick. See the contrast. In the first case, the Universalists had an interest in the House, inasmuch as they had assisted in its erection under the promise that it should be free to all denominations. But upon the latter church we had no claim. We had done nothing in building it; yet with a liberality bespeaking a truly christian spirit they kindly opened their doors to us. This generous act so clearly exemplifying that greatest of christian graces charity, will long be remembered with gratitude by our friends in Warwick.

S. J. H.

*Published in our last.

Original

Will some of our Methodist brethren inform us in which of their articles of faith the doctrine of *endless misery* is taught? I have several times carefully read each of the articles contained in their book of discipline, and have been unable to find this sentiment either expressed or implied. Unless I have been very superficial in my examination, I can see no reason why they cannot, without the liability of being excommunicated, embrace Universalism as contained in the 20th article of their creed in the following language. "The offering of Christ once made, is that perfect redemption, propitiation, and satisfaction for all the sins of the whole world both original and *actual*, and there is none other satisfaction for sin but that alone." From this it is evident that man can do nothing towards his salvation. Neither his works, his faith, nor his repentance can avail any thing, because the offering once made, is a perfect *satisfaction for every sin* that ever was or ever will be committed, and there is *no other satisfaction*. If Christ has suffered the *whole* penalty for *all* the sins of the *whole* world, it is absurd to say that a part of mankind will suffer endless torment, unless it can be shown that it is just to punish sin *twice* as much as it deserves. If the Savior, as a vicarious sacrifice, has taken the *whole* weight of punishment upon himself, due the race of Adam for all their sins, it is clear that should a part of the human family endure unending misery, Christ has suffered in vain. If he has cancelled the *whole* debt contracted by Adam and all his posterity, is there a consistency in saying that a large proportion of mankind will pay that debt over again? If every sinner demerits endless torment, if Christ has suffered a *part* of eternal misery for each sinner, and if "there is none other satisfaction" but his alone, who will make up the deficiency of the satisfaction that even one sinner may be saved? If he suffered endless torment for a certain definite number of our race, is it possible for the residue to believe the truth in believing him their Redeemer? And is it in their power to possess Christian graces enough to make a sufficient satisfaction for their sins? If the Savior knew to a positive certainty that a part of mankind would be eternally lost, is there a propriety in saying that he came to be the Savior of the *world*? Is it possible for those beings to obtain a saving faith that God knew to an unerring certainty never would possess that Christian grace? Is it possible for one creature to be saved, that infinite intelligence foreknew would be endlessly miserable? If so, it is possible for thing to be *foreknown* to take place and that thing not take place? Brethren of the Arminian School will you give me a little light on this subject?

S. J. H.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

WALTON.*A chapter from my Port Folio.*

I never left the beautiful cottage of my excellent friend Walton, without a blessing upon his head, and upon his interesting family. If ever man was happy—such was he when surrounded by his young and lovely wife and three of the prettiest little children I ever beheld. Fifteen years are passed since I paid a visit to this abode of the very brightness and sunshine of happiness. It was the birth day of their youngest child; and I was invited to a little festivity such as he always gave on those occasions.

I wish I could describe the scenery, the day, and the occasion, such as they then presented themselves to me. It was a breezy summer morning, half an hour's ride brought you to a lane, hedged and shaded with green, a few little turns brought you in sight of the roof of a delightful little cottage, literally clothed in vines and

honey-suckles. As I walked to the door by a small foot path fragrant with flowers, the handiwork of sweet Mrs. Walton, I wished a thousand times I were such a one as my own happy friend.

When I entered, Walton and his wife, with a few friends were seated in a circle, in the centre of which were their three happy children, with several others of their own age, engaged in a rustic dance in their own artless manner. I can hardly say whether I was more entirely pleased with the merry-making of these beautiful children in all the simplicity of innocence, or with contemplating the evident joy of their parents in beholding their greatest earthly treasure. I pressed the hand of Walton—"You are happy my friend—God grant you may always be blessed as you now seem to be."

"How can we be otherwise," replied Walton, and as he turned to his wife, her sweet smile anticipated the allusion and bespoke more than words, that with each and their beloved children, sorrow could find no place in their bosoms, and that no clouds could ever darken the peace and serenity of that quiet cottage.

Alas! for the picture of human life. Its shadows are sometimes dark indeed.

"There is a song of sorrow
The death dirge of the gay."

Should it be sung in the ear of such a being, situated as I left him, as the happy Walton—the endeared husband—the affectionate father—the amiable man? Could he become an unhappy man?

Poor Walton! such was thy written destiny. The scroll of *time* was unfolded to me. I read its pages. Clouds and darkness were to overshadow thy peaceful cottage. Thy fireside charm was to be broken—thy family scattered, and thyself—a poor broken hearted man.

The vision of that night unfolded to me the future destiny of my friend and of his beloved family. Reader, it is immaterial how I knew this. It matters not just now, whether it were a miracle or a mere presentiment. Let thy curiosities rest while I proceed.

A short interval of time brought round another happy anniversary in the still happy family circle of Walton. I went as usual, but with a deep and heavy load on my heart, for I knew then the dreadful page of suffering that was written out for them all, but which in mercy was still folded down from their view.

It was the sixth birth day of their little Charles, a bright, rosy cheeked, yellow haired boy, as pretty and as laughing as its fond parents could desire. I called him from his little group and took him on my knee, and when the little innocent told me "how glad he was I had come"—and kissed me—I was obliged to turn my head away to avoid wetting his unconscious cheeks with my tears which flowed rapidly. For, that smiling youth (such was the dark page) was to become—a pirate on the high seas and a murderer, and end his days on the scaffold!! "Mysterious fate!" I inwardly exclaimed—and with a sigh bade the happy youth return to his play.

I sank back in a dumb reverie for several minutes, when the cheerful prattle of the second child, a blooming little girl of four years, caught my ear. "And why don't you laugh too?" said she. Poor little creature! This was her spring tide, her flowery season of life. Her history told me that she would marry young, be taken to a distant country, her husband prove to be a broken down gambler, would leave her and her children to wear out a miserable existence in poverty and want—deserted and alone. Thus she should perish!

I told her to play a little longer for I could not talk with her now. It was insupportable.

The youngest child was a boy of two years

old, yet not too young to join the hilarity of the scene. Children are soon taught to love holidays. This plump, rosy cherub boy was to be cut off in the vigor of youth, I looked again on the scroll—he would be drowned at sixteen! the last hope of his parents.

Walton himself was doomed to a longer pilgrimage, but it was to be a life of dreadful misfortune. He was to linger out a living death, he was to stand withered and blasted like the riven oak, without a branch or leaf—without a friend or companion in his sorrows. Walton's cottage was to be seized by his creditors, himself and wife would be houseless, his children gone, he would be imprisoned for debt incurred by his necessities. Driven at last to despair he dies of a broken heart.

The longer I looked on the family group the more melancholy I became. I spoke not a word. I could not speak—my heart was full and ready to burst—yet louder and louder broke forth the innocent mirth—and more bright and cheering grew every countenance around me.

Mrs. Walton approached me to enquire the cause of my seriousness, she insisted I was not well, and proposed some refreshing remedies. Poor, kind, gentle, yet unhappy—in prospect, wretched woman—I could not disclose to her the heart rending page of her future life. Her children torn from her by fate, her husband imprisoned—it was too much for poor suffering nature. She languished under it until reason yielded up her empire, and she became a helpless idiot in the insane hospital.

* * * * *

Such is the catalogue of suffering. Will not the reader say that to all *human* appearance it was for the most part unmerited. Who will pretend to solve the mystery! The above is presented as an imaginary picture, but not totally unlike real life in some melancholy instances. What is the result? *Do we charge God with cruelty and injustice because he created and must have foreknown all?* O no! Yet the chapter in the 15th No. of the Messenger, called the "*FATAL GIFT*," represents the doctrine of future punishment in this manner. I would compliment the writer for the beauty of his article. But is it not apparent that a high colored picture of the imagination, appealing only to our sensibilities, does not present the question in a fair light? I may be wrong—but if his chapter is a true illustration, mine at least is a twin brother in resemblance to it.

P.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady. Besides preparing her to join in that part of public worship which consists in psalmody, it will enable her to soothe the cares of domestic life; and even the sorrows that will sometimes intrude into her own bosom, may all be relieved by a song, where sound and sentiment unite to act upon the mind. I here introduce a fact which has been suggested to me by my profession, and that is, the exercise of the organs of the breast, by singing, contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumptions, nor have I ever known but one instance of spitting blood among them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, for this constitutes an essential branch of their education. The music-master of our academy has furnished me with an observation still more in favor of this opinion. He informed me that he had known several instances of persons who were strongly disposed to consumption, who were restored to health by the exercise of their lungs in singing.

Dr. Rush.

CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

EDITED BY T. J. SAWYER AND P. PRICE, NEW-YORK,
AND ABEL C. THOMAS, PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1833.

NOTICE.

The third Lecture in reply to the Lectures of the Rev. Dr. Brownlee, against Universalism, will be delivered in the Orchard street Church to-morrow evening, March 3.

WEDNESDAY EVENING MEETINGS.

A course of meetings have been commenced in the Lecture Room of the Orchard-street Church, and will be continued every Wednesday evening. Exercises to commence at 7 o'clock. The primary object is moral and religious improvement. Addresses may always be expected. Friends of the doctrine of God's impartial grace, both Ladies and Gentlemen, are earnestly invited to attend. The meetings will generally be found interesting, and we doubt not profitable.

LETTERS TO THE REV. DR. BROWN.

LEE--NO. III.

Rev'd and Dear Sir,—

I shall now offer a few remarks on the text which you were pleased to take as a motto in your attack upon Universalism. It was admirably chosen from Mark xiv, 21. "Good w^ell it for that man if he had never been born." Although you gave no explanation of the passage, and satisfied yourself by merely saying, that, "these words may be considered as a suitable inscription for the tombstone of Judas," yet the inference which you obviously desired your auditors to draw, was that the existence of Judas would, upon the whole, prove an almost infinite curse from the hand of his Creator. This certainly affords no very beautiful illustration of the perfections of God. But let that pass for the present.

The introduction of the case of Judas by yourself was not what I was prepared to expect. I know it is almost always adduced by those little acquainted with the subject. But when brought forward, if it must be at all, as a proof of the doctrine of endless misery, by one so well qualified to investigate its nature, and decide on the strength of evidence which it furnishes, I should have anticipated something more than common-place remarks. It would, I should think, have been incumbent on you to show in what sense the passage was to be taken, and the reasons for adopting it as decisive proof of the doctrine of endless or even future punishment. What you said, however, was sufficient to awaken and gratify all the prejudices which christians generally indulge on this subject. The name of Judas you well know, is associated with all the horrors of hell. You could not, therefore, at a single stroke, have discovered a better acquaintance with the feelings of your Limitarian auditors, or a happier tact in prejudicing them in favor of the horrid dogma which you had volunteered yourself to support.

There are several expressions made in relation to Judas, which have been, for a long time, so explained as to fix in the public mind the idea that Judas is, beyond all fair debate, now suffering the torments of hell. It may not be uninteresting or unprofitable to my readers, to state some of the principal circumstances usually alleged in favor of the common opinions relative to his case, and also the natural and easy explanation of which they are susceptible.

1. It is said our Savior called Judas a *devil*. "Have I not chosen you twelve and one of you is

a *devil?*" John vi, 70. To this it may be replied that he also called Peter *satan*. "Get thee behind me, Satan, thou art an offence unto me; for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men." Matt. xvi, 23. The word *devil* it is well known means a *calumniator*, or *accuser*. *Satan* means an *adversary*. Both words were very properly applied. Peter, in the case alluded to, was *adverse* to the real interests of his beloved master; while Judas eventually became his *accuser*, or *betrayer*.

2. It is said that Judas was called *the son of perdition*. "Those thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them is lost but the son of perdition, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled." John xvii, 12. Decisive as this passage may seem to those who are already convinced of Judas' eternal doom, it would be exceeding difficult to show that it has any reference to his future state. One cannot read the passage in its connexion without observing that our savior alluded only to the temporal condition of his cause and apostles. Of the latter he had kept all excepting Judas, i. e. he had preserved them faithful to the interests of his kingdom. Judas he had lost, i. e. he had fallen from his integrity and departed from his apostleship. David, in the Psalms, had foretold this, and had said respecting him, "Let his days be few, and let another take his office." This scripture was now fulfilled. I should add that the words *lost* and *perdition*, are the same in the original, only one is a noun the other a verb.

3. Again, it is said that Judas committed suicide. "And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself." Matt. xxvii, 5. The inference in the mind of thousands is that this last act of madness must have sealed his doom. But such people should know that in the opinion of some of the most eminent critics, Judas did not hang himself. In Acts i, 18, there is a very different account of his death. "Now this man purchased a field with the reward of iniquity, and falling headlong, he burst asunder in the midst and all his bowels gushed out." This account is not easily to be reconciled with the idea that he committed suicide. The common opinion is that after hanging himself the rope broke and in the violence of the fall, his body burst and his bowels gushed out. But then it is altogether unaccountable that the writer of the Acts should wholly have neglected to mention the important, and, on this supposition, necessary circumstance of his hanging himself. The probable truth is that Judas came to his death by a very different means. Dr. Campbell translates Matt. xxvii, 5, "he went away and strangled himself," and adds in a note, that "the Greek word plainly denotes strangling; but does not say how, by hanging or otherwise. It is quite a different term that is used in other places where hanging is mentioned. It may also be rendered *was strangled*, or *was suffocated*." In Wakefield's translation we find it thus rendered, "Then he threw down the pieces of money in the temple and withdrew; and, after his departure, was choked with anguish." In note we are referred to his "Internal Evidences of the Christian Religion" and his "Silva Critica" for the reasons of this translation. And Dr. A. Clarke says "he supports this meaning of the word [was choked with anguish] with great learning and ingenuity," and adds in another place that "the word which we translate *hanged himself*, is by the very best critics thus rendered, *was choked*." These remarks should excite

the reasonable suspicion that our common version, which in this respect follows the Vulgate, is not strictly just. However criminal Judas might have been, I am convinced there is no satisfactory proof that he was guilty of suicide. This opinion, as I have before shown, is not peculiarly Universalist. Dr. Hammond defended it and quoted Hesychius Phavorinus, Oecumenius and Theophylact in its favor; the latter of whom sufficiently discovers his sentiments when speaking of the excessive sorrow into which the incestuous Corinthian, if not timely absolved, might fall, he expresses it by his coming to a suffocation as Judas did. Dr. A. Clarke thinks it most probable that Judas being "seized with horror at his crime and its consequences, the remorse and agitation of his mind produced a violent dysentery, attended with powerful inflammation, (which in a great variety of cases has been brought on by strong mental agitation) and while the distressful irritation of his bowels obliged him to withdraw for relief, he was overwhelmed with grief and affliction and having fallen from his seat his bowels were found to have gushed out, through the strong spasmodic affections with which the disease was accompanied. I have known," says he, "cases of this kind where the bowels appeared to come literally away by peacemeal." So much for the manner of his death.

4. But we are told that his fate is very clearly intimated in Acts i, 25, when Peter in prayer, speaks of the "ministry and apostleship from which Judas by transgression fell that he might go to his own place." *His own place* is very conveniently understood to mean a place of endless misery, but on what good reason I have never seen. It is quite doubtful indeed whether these words should be understood of Judas at all; but even granting that they should, it demands a most unwarrantable assumption to make them equivalent to *hell*. "Many prejudices there are," says Dr. Hammond, "against understanding this phrase, viz. that he might go unto his own place, of hell, as some have understood it, as the place where Judas was to go. For 1. That was not his *idios topos*, the proper place, or assignation of Judas, but common to all damned spirits. 2. 'Twas not St. Luke's, or St. Peter's office to pass sentence on Judas, any farther than by setting down the hienousness of his sin, and not to proceed to judge, or affirm aught of God's secrets, such as his going to hell." It was the opinion of this learned commentator that the phrase "that he might go to his own place" applied to Matthias, who was chosen to fill the vacancy occasioned by Judas's defection. "There is no propriety," he remarks, "in saying of Judas that he sinned to go to hell, or that he might go to hell: of Matthias 'is most proper to say he was elected to such lot or portion to go, or that he might go to it.'" Dr. A. Clarke says, "some of the best critics assert that the words belong to Matthias—*his own place*, being the office to which he was about to be elected." This opinion seems to rest on the following facts which I quote in the Dr.'s language "Instead of *ton kleron*, the lot which we translate *part*, *ton lopon*, the place, is the reading of ABC,* Coptic, Vulgate, and the Itala, in the Codex Bezae, and from them the verse may be read thus, *That he may take the place of this ministry and apostleship, (from which Judas fell,) and go to his own place*. But allowing that the common version is right, and that the words in question are to be understood of Judas, what reason, let me ask, is there for supposing them to designate hell? Would it not be preferable to understand them, as

Any have done, of his own home or his former abode? Such questions need only to be asked, to receive the proper answer from every one.

5. We now come to the last, and really the most plausible passage, found in the divine oracles, to sustain the notion that Judas is therein particularly designated as a subject of hell. "Good were it for that man, if he had never been born." Mark xiv. 21. Upon this you seem to rely with no inconsiderable confidence. But what, let me ask, is the amount of proof which it affords? Taken literally, it would indeed be an awful expression. For it would, as I have before remarked, be little else than declaring that the existence which God conferred on Judas was not a blessing but a "ceaseless and intolerable curse." But he who ascribes such an act to "the Father of lights, from whom cometh down every good gift and every perfect gift," ought first to assure himself of his unquestioned warrant. It should not be a loose and unnecessary inference. It should be a plain and unequivocal declaration of the divine Spirit. But is that found in the passage under consideration? Does it admit of no explanation without involving the idea of Judas' everlasting misery? The farthest from it possible, and for several reasons.

First. Taking it for granted, as you do, that this passage must be interpreted most literally, will you account for the strange indifference manifested by the apostles who were present on the occasion of its utterance. Judas had been designated as the individual upon whom rested the eternal curse of God. The other apostles knew it, and yet, strange to tell, they proceeded in the services of the evening, and the only anxiety they manifested was for the fate of their beloved Master. Over Judas' most deplorable doom they shed not one tear, and breathed not one sigh. Not one word was uttered, as we are informed, that could afford the most distant intimation, that the apostles believed Judas' fate to be now sealed for an eternity of woe. I appeal to your candor, if it is possible to regard the popular construction of the passage as just, without most seriously charging the apostles with a cold and hard-hearted indifference to the most awful calamity that man ever conceived?

Second. It is worthy of consideration, that if this passage must be taken in the most literal sense of its words, we ought, in consistency, to understand Job and Jeremiah in a similar manner, when they curse the day in which they were born! See Job iii, and Jer. xx, 14-18. In these passages both Job and Jeremiah express in other language the same idea. They both lament that they had ever been born; but who indulges the opinion they do so, because they were in danger of hell?

Third. The passage before us is a well-known proverbial expression among the Jews. This point is established beyond controversy by both Lightfoot and Schoettgen. From the latter, Dr. Clarke has given us several examples of its use, which I quote for the satisfaction of my general readers. "Whosoever considers these four things, it would have been better for him, had he never come into the world, viz. That which is above; that which is below; that which is before; and that which is behind. And whosoever does not attend to the honor of his Creator, it were better for him had he never been born." Again, "Whosoever knows the law, and does not do it, it had been better for him, had he never come into the world." In other places it is expressed thus, "It were better for him had he never been created; and it would have been better for him had he

been strangled in the womb and never have seen the light of this world." Again, "If any man be parsimonious toward the poor, it had been better for him had he never come into the world;" and again it is said, "If any performs the law not for the sake of the law, it were good for that man had he never been created." "These examples," adds Dr. Clarke, "sufficiently prove that this was a common proverb, and is used with a great variety and latitude of meaning?" See his Notes on Acts i.

Now granting that this is a proverbial expression, and used, as the examples above clearly show, without necessarily, or generally, or perhaps ever, involving the idea of endless misery, what proof, let me ask, does its occurrence in relation to Judas, furnish of his, or any other person's eternal wretchedness? Who does not see that it is only by assuming as true its literal import which can give even plausibility to the argument founded upon it? It is on the same principle the Papist proves, the doctrine of transubstantiation. He assumes that, *this is my body*, must be understood literally, and his desired conclusion is drawn without difficulty. I have been the more particular on this subject because Limitarians generally, I speak of the people, know nothing of the facts and opinions here stated. Although many of the best commentators are decidedly opposed to the popular views, and have frankly expressed their dissent, few of the people have opportunities to consult them. Respectfully &c.

T. J. SAWYER.

Rev. W. C. BROWNLEE, D. D.

JOB'S CONFIDENCE.

"For I know that my Redeemer liveth," &c. This passage is used in the Episcopal burial service, as though it had reference to a resurrection into an immortal life. Br. L. L. Sadler, in his sermon published in the Messenger of Feb 2, appears to apply it to the same subject.

I disagree with this application. Job had the most unlimited confidence in the Almighty. He was conscious of his own integrity of purpose and uprightness of conduct; and felt satisfied, that matters would yet assume a brighter aspect. In the midst of his calamities, he expresses his confidence in God, in the highly figurative language of oriental writers. "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold," &c. Job xix, 25-27.

With this language, compare chap. xlii, 5—*I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee.*" A. C. T.

ANCIENT BOOK.

A friend recently put into our hand an ancient volume, comprising between 600 and 700 pages, of the following title—"The Whole-Armor of God: or a Christians Spiritual Furniture, to keepe him safe from all the assaults of Satan. ¶ First preached, and now the second time published and enlarged for the good of all such as well vse it: Whereunto is also added a Treatise of the Sinne against the Holy Ghost. By William Gouge, B. D. and Preacher of Gods Word in Blacke Fryers London. ¶ A Table of the scuerlour Points contained herein, is prefixed before the Booke. Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong, 1st Cor. xvi, 13, For the weapons of our warfare are not carnall, but mighty through God, so the pulling downe of

strong holds. 2 Cor. x, 4. London, Printed by John Beale. 1619." By the imprint it will be seen that it is Two Hundred and Fourteen years old—an ancient volume truly. Indeed, its orthography and typography give evident marks of its antiquity. We have barely had time to glance at it; but even from this hasty observation, we doubt not it will afford many interesting extracts for the reader of the present day, which we intend to present, as opportunity may offer. The devil appears to hold a conspicuous place in the work, and as every thing pertaining to the history of this "arch adversary" of man will be read with interest, we may confine ourselves more particularly to parts in relation to him.

The title page is surmounted with a very appropriate Cut or Device, (appropriate we mean to the sentiment of the work.) In the centre is an arch, on the top of which is seated the inflexible Judge. On the right of the Judge, on the arch, is inscribed, "Come ye blessed," &c. and on the left, "Go ye cursed," &c. Underneath the arch may be seen on one side the figure of Death with his all-destroying scythe, apparently observing, alternately, an Hour Glass, in the hand of a figure in the centre, and a Timepiece on the other side. To complete the picture, on the right of the arch, somewhat elevated, we are presented with innumerable figures, designed we presume to exhibit the happy spirits, hymning praises of Salvation to their Creator. While on the left, we have the counterpart in all its horrors. A representation of the infernal regions, with a countless number of devils and damned spirits—some flying through the air, and others plunging headlong into the abyss below—anon you see them floating on the fiery billows, writhing in all the agonies of despair, amid the sulphurous flames which are constantly ascending. So far as we have had time to examine, the picture appears to be in admirable keeping with the tenor of the work. We have room now only for the following, which faces the title page.

THE MINDE OF THE FRONT.
This constant compleat Souldier doth oppose
The Failing World, the Infecting Flesh, the Diuell
In Jesuited-Angel-shape; Three foes
Deadly, and daily tempting men to Euill.
Christ comforts with his own name-ensign'd
Ensigne;
And crowneth his owne victory in fine.

Back-sliding IVLIAN is at peace with Hell;
Conflicts with heauen; the knowne truth doth
despight;
Whom Christs victorious Banner doth compell
To yeeld the glorious Conqueror his right.
Snares, Swords, Fire, Brimstone, are his
fearefull lot;
He now feeleth him, whom earst he feared not.

Selfe-strangling Judas, and selfe-stabbing Sow,
Stand euerlasting Pillars of Despaire,
To warne Succession of their dreadful fall,
Neuer to be repair'd by faithful Prayer:
Yet Heau's three yeres and six month con-
geald fast
Elias ferunt prayer thaw'd at last.

WALTON.
In another column will be found a sketch, entitled "WALTON. A chapter from my Port Folio," It is well written and will be read with interest. The writer frankly avows his object, and we highly commend him for it. We love candor and honesty in a man, be he "orthodox" or heterodox, be he friend or opposer.

Our correspondent will not deem it unkind, how-

ever, if we offer a few remarks on the subject which he has thus happily introduced. We sincerely think him in error, and it would be a gratification, inferior to none we can readily imagine on earth, could we clearly point it out, and convince him of it. We think, then, that he errs here. Universalists deem it nothing else than virtually ascribing cruelty and injustice to God, when it is believed that he created some men, with an infallible fore-knowledge that they would suffer endless misery. He could have had no benevolent design in the creation of such. Their existence is a curse and not a blessing—a curse too, indescribable in its nature, without relief and without end. We look over the world and observe various forms of suffering and misery here. Now our correspondent thinks, that if it would be cruelty in God to create men, foreknowing they would be endlessly wretched, it must also be cruelty in him to create, foreknowing that they would suffer the multiplied evils of the present state. We view the subject in a very different light. The supposition of endless misery utterly precludes the idea of any good to the sufferer. The temporary evils of this world, on the contrary may be, and, in a thousand instances of almost every one's observation, actually are the means of effecting a greater good to the individual called to endure them. The Psalmist did not hesitate to declare that it was good for him that he had been afflicted, and every Christian of any experience is able, we doubt not, to say the same. In the case which our correspondent has imagined, he seems to have forgotten that there is yet an eternity, in which God may infinitely more than compensate for any suffering which can be endured on earth. In the language, no less just than it is beautiful, of one of our sweetest poets I would say

"Oh, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tonor keep;
The Power, who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
* * * * *

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here." Bryant.

It is a principle we believe of human nature, that "Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy." And it is, we think, no less a principle of our nature that afflictions have a direct tendency to correct our passions, to weaken our confidence in ourselves, and to point us not only, but also to lead our affections, up to him from whom cometh all our help. We are not left in darkness here so total as our correspondent seems to imagine. "We know," to use the language of the late Thomas Brown, "we know in a great measure the use and end of our actions and passions, [sufferings] because we know who it is, who has formed us to do and to bear—and who from His own moral excellence can not have given us any susceptibility, even of suffering, which does not tend upon the whole, to strengthen virtue, and to consecrate, as in some purifying sacrifice, the sufferer of a moment to affections more holy and happiness more divine."

The difference, then, in the supposed cases of temporary and eternal sufferings, in their bearing on the character of God, we conceive to be simply this. In the case of temporary suffering, God permits, or inflicts it, we care not which, for the best purposes, i. e. the greater ultimate happiness of the sufferer. In the case of eternal suffering, God permits, or inflicts it for the worst of purposes, i. e.

without designing any good whatever, but only to make the sufferer hopelessly and endlessly wretched.

S.

[The reader will perceive that the following hymn is partly a parody. The author of the original words, Thomas Moore, has justly been called "the greatest lyric poet of the age."]

A HYMN.

Air—'Oft in the stilly night,'
Adapted to Sacred Music, and called BENNEVILLE.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Remembrance brings the light
Of love Divine around me;
The 'still small voice'
Bids me rejoice
In words of comfort spoken;
And o'er life's track
My mind looks back,
To promises ne'er broken.
Thus in the stilly night, &c.

When humbly I recall
The tokens of His favor,
I see in 'Him of all
The Father, Friend, and Savior;
And feel that He,
Whose love to me,
Thus far has not abated,
Will never let
His grace forget
A soul in love created.
Thus in the stilly night, &c.

A. C. T.

The following note politely addressed to the Senior Editor is inserted in the columns of the Messenger with pleasure. It is not his desire to misrepresent the opinions of Dr. Brownlee, or any other man. Nor has he intentionally done it. If he has fallen into error, which he does not pretend to be impossible, it has been through a misapprehension of the meaning of Calvin and the popular creeds of the Calvinistic churches. There is not room, however, in the present number to enter into a justification of himself. This he will attempt next week. Meanwhile should he not succeed, he will frankly acknowledge his error and correct it. S.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

Mr. SAWYER:—I request you to correct a statement, which a Reverend friend says he heard you state last Sabbath evening—that I held the sentiment and had, as he understood you to say, expressed it in my pulpit—that God had from all eternity designed to make some men merely to damn them!

In quoting public men's sentiments, your safest way is to quote the public and avowed creed which they hold. Now, there is no such sentiment in our creed. There is no such sentiment, moreover, in Calvin's pages. This is not Calvinism. And sir, if you affirm that I ever said this, you affirm what is not true. I deny it most explicitly.

Is it possible that you do not know that the sect of "the old predestinarians," is condemned by the Reformed Churches; and of course by me and all our ministers? Is it possible you are not acquainted with the controversy of the *sublapsarians*; and the *supralapsarians*, in the early periods of the Reformation? The latter held that God designed and made certain men merely to damn them? The former, the *sublapsarians*, as the word imports, held that God in his infinite mind viewed men as all fallen, miserable and guilty sinners; all by reason of their own crimes, deserving death: And, as the governor, who looks on 100 murderers, equally guilty, and all deserving to be executed, does select 75 or 80, out of the 100, and pardons them; while he leaves the rest to the sentence of the law, where they would have perished at any rate; even so

does God in his sovereign love "choose, or elect us in Christ before the foundation of the world." And if the choice and election of men does imply that *some are left*; so, if God does thus, by his own declaration, elect us, and yet LEAVE NONE, then must we alter the meaning of a plain word: and also teach, henceforth, that when we elect the men of our choice, at the polls, we leave none out, but elect all, the candidates; nay we elect also all who do vote! Sir, I reject the doctrine of the "old predestinarians," with more abhorrence than even you, perhaps, would. While as a *sublapsarian*, (to use a technical word,) I hold the *election* and *predestination* taught in Romans 8th and 9th chapters. As you are a candid man and are in the search of truth you will of course, if you please, insert this in your paper. Yours &c. W. C. BROWNLEE.

P. S. It must require some ingenuity to interweave the discussion of this doctrine with your defence of Unitarian Universalism. And I hope my friend Mr. Sawyer does not condescend so low, as to use the *argumentum ad invicem*! Far less to palm on the audience sentiments which his antagonist abhors, as a perversion of doctrine, equal to any held by Universalists. W. C. B.

THOMAS BARNES.

A ministering brother related to me, some months ago, a very interesting circumstance, intimately connected with the history of Universalism in Maine. Two Partialist clergymen had been requested to preach a sermon at the funeral of a Partialist suicide. They refused. Br. Barnes was called upon. He complied with the request—selecting as his text, 1 Cor. iv, 5—"Therefore judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts: and then shall every man have praise of God."

I believe the whole account of the circumstance was published in the Christian Intelligencer, some years ago. Will Br. Drew look after the matter, and have the account republished? I am sure it will be read with thrilling interest. A. C. T.

RELIGIOUS INQUIRER.

The first No. of volume twelve, of this publication, enlarged to an Imperial folio, has just reached us. Br. Robert Smith is announced as Editor—Br. J. Boyden Jr. of Berlin, as Associate Editor and Br. L. L. Sadler, of Perry, N. Y. as Corresponding Editor. The latter our readers will readily recognize as having been a frequent and a very acceptable contributor to our columns. The Inquirer, in its new form and dress, presents a respectable appearance, and is well filled with original matter. Success attend the Publisher and Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We acknowledge the receipt of another sermon from our correspondent H. F. It will appear in a week or two.

We would not affirm, positively, that "Consistency" is disposed to cavil, for we may misapprehend him; yet from some of his positions, and manner of treating the subject, we have reason to suspect, his motives. Let him satisfy us that he is an honest inquirer, or has honest objections, by calling on us, and he shall have a candid hearing, and we doubt not the ability, and willingness also, of the person in question, to exhibit Universalism "in its true light." We do not allow anonymous writers to assail our opposers, and we are equally unwilling they should our friends. The propriety of this will be apparent to every reflecting mind.

If we do not much mistake, the hand writing of "Restoration" is recognized. Why does the writer persist in such a course? We surely have been sufficiently explicit before. P.

DIED,

In this city, 23d ult. John P. Ritter, Jr. aged 43.

Original.**THE SIGHING OF THE WIND:**

Upon a friend's expressing, that, "The sighing of the wind wrought gloomy associations."

The moaning wind, the moaning wind,
With its sweeping, harp-like blast,
No thought of gloom links in my mind,
With mem'ries of the past;
But soft and dreamy cords it wakes
Within this lab'ring breast,
Such as on toil worn peasant breaks
On morn of sacred rest.

The moaning wind, the moaning wind,
I love when evening low'rs;
It minds me of the good and kind,
Known in life's earlier hours,
Ere yet the world's cold maxims gain'd
Sad influence on the heart,
And words and smiles were yet untrain'd
By sophistry and art.

The moaning wind, the moaning wind,
Devotion's frame doth raise,
To purer worlds, where souls refin'd,
Swell their Creator's praise.
If life's thick cares or gathering pain,
I'd leave awhile behind,
Let me but list one single strain
Of the deep moaning wind. J. S*****T.

INFLUENCE OF HOME.

The kindest gift of nature is our affections : all others are valuable only as auxiliary to this. I am convinced it is in their rational cultivation that we are to look for content, and that all the ambition which would tempt us away upon foreign enterprise, is a vain and dangerous feeling. Whatever, therefore, contributes to render home attractive, possesses a value infinite above that which it could claim on any other consideration ; and a thousand little trifles in manners and accomplishments, contemptible if cherished only for vanity, when shedding their influence over that most delightful of all pictures, an affectionate and happy family, assume importance, and beauty, and rank among the virtues.

To a man immersed in the cares of business, yet who retains sufficient purity of mind to estimate properly the many false amusements and melancholy scenes of a great city like this, his home is subject of powerful interest. In the labors of the day he has in a great measure to conceal his real character, and bend himself to occupations calculated neither to improve his mind nor his heart. He mingles with his fellow men without any ties of affection. It is his business to suspect, and sometimes to deceive. He enters a great arena where all are striving to take advantage of each other, and in the ordinary course of affairs he sees the worst traits of human nature ; scenes of fraud are developed which he cannot expose, and wretchedness he is unable to relieve. It is necessary for him to become often callous to the voice of sorrow ; to endure his own disappointments without sympathy, and often accompanied by the triumphs of those who have profitted by his losses. The generous romance of youth and the fine impulses of feeling would be out of place, and despised in the great crowd of avaricious and unfriendly beings pressing on to their own designs ; and he, in many instances, beholds the impudent and heartless grasping rewards denied to modest merit and generous frankness. All private interests and helpless virtue are crushed on the mighty thoroughfare ; eager and careless feet tread even upon the graves of beings he has loved, and others are continually shuffled off the scene, and go down time's ceaseless stream among the wrecks of departed things, with as little notice as the dried leaf falls from the tree in autumn.

From the anxious and wearisome struggles of such a scene, where shall the laborer turn

when the hum dies away, and the shadows of night come down around him ? He who has a home knows well enough the consolation which awaits him : his feet conduct him where his heart has ever been—to the pure atmosphere of his own domestic circle. Perhaps he is a son, and he hastens to the only spot on the face of the wide earth where he knows he may fling away suspicion. Kind parents and affectionate sisters are around him ; his mind is disengaged from the thousand irksome ties which have bound him down to the grovelling earth, and the feelings and affections long frozen up in his heart, gush out like fountains at the coming on of spring. Or if he be a husband and a father, the well-known voices of his children come upon his ears like the warblings of birds, and the affection of their mother is visible everywhere around him, as if he were already the inhabitant of a better world. Here he rests from his labors, and becomes invigorated for the trials that are to come. His anxieties and his enjoyments are so nicely balanced, that his happiness is without satiety, and new exertions are agreeable. In seeking success, here he has nature to aid him : all other enterprises are fraught with doubt and danger ; and even the unmixed delights he meets with elsewhere, pall upon the taste, and their stimulants are only the harbingers of subsequent despondency. But the charms of home are the wholesome and natural pleasures of the heart : instead of corrupting, they strengthen and improve it. Many a noble fellow has been ruined for the want of a home ; he has no one to dissipate the gloom which the day gathers around the soul, and his wandering affections seek repose in vain, till he allows them to settle upon forbidden objects.—*N. Y. Mirror, Vol. 6.*

A FRAGMENT.

It was mid-day, and the summer's sun shone brightly upon the earth when I stood by the grave of one, with whom, in former times, I had passed many a confidential and endearing interview. And as I gazed at the green turf that covered his lonely resting place, past seasons, circumstances, and expressions, rushed upon my mind, and I wept. Having indulged, for a few moments, those tender emotions which were excited by recollection and the solemn scenery before me, I paused, and inquired : Where, now, are the intellectual, and once conscious powers of him, who so recently, with me, enjoyed the sweets of life ? Through what regions of space, or in what far distant world is the spirit now ranging ? What glories does it behold, and what constitutes its employment and happiness ? Can it gaze upon the green turf that decorates the surface of the corrupted body's subterraneous bed ? Does it now behold me, as I bend in gloom and doubt over this silent mound ? Perhaps it may, even now, be standing beside me, and with celestial vision behold its mourning friend, the grave of its body ; the wilderness it has deserted, and the spotless heavens above, destined eventually, for it and me, and for all our race.

Oh, could I meet it here, and inquire face to face, how would it relieve my present anxiety, and bless me. But silence succeeds all my inquiries, and uncertainty rests upon the subject of my anxious solicitude. Nevertheless, appalling as this valley of sepulchres is, and must be, it may soon be the only lodging place I shall find beneath your golden sun, and the bright firmament of heaven. O God ! and must I, lie down in dust, while all beyond is problematical !—As I made this inquiry, a gentle spirit seemed to say, "Impatient youth ! why murmurst thou thus, against a merciful Providence, that conceals nothing from thee, but what is necessary, at present ? Thou hast seen the seemingly insignificant insect stretched in its matted sepulchre,

where it remained dormant, through a long and gloomy winter ; and thou hast seen that insect, when spring returned, bursting into life—clothed in silken garments, and soon winging the air, in a more glorious state than that, in which it previously existed. Let this, therefore, instruct thee, that God, who created *it* and *thee*, will eventually, awake *thee* from thy slumbering bed, and bless thee with a happier and more glorious state than this." Then I remembered the words of Jesus to Lazarus' weeping sister ; "*Thy brother shall rise again*," and I returned to my living friends, and to the toils of life, with the consolation of Hope.—*Christian Pilot.*

THE ISOLATED MAN.

I saw him standing by the grave of her he loved, and as the last turf was placed by the sexton, he covered his face with his hands and burst into tears. In a moment he collected himself, and said "I am alone. This is the last, the only relative I have on earth. Six times have I been childless, and now the partner of my life is placed by their side. Would to God I were sleeping there too." He turned to the weeping spectators around ; What have I left on earth ? You can return to your homes and sit down with companions and children ; but my house is desolate. I am detached from every thing on earth. I am like a blighted tree in the midst of a desert. The wind howled on the plain—the sleet blew upon the newly covered grave. They turned away, and I watched this isolated mourner, as he slowly walked to his desolated mansion. The minister and one domestic accompanied him. He sat down in solitude. He tasted not again the social endearments of life, but lives like a solitary exile who is forbidden to mingle with mortals, and who expects nor seeks any more good in the land of the living.

God had a meaning, when he said, 'it is not good for man to be alone.' He dwindles—he droops ; his soul was made to mingle with kindred souls—his tongue, to interchange those ideas which kindles a mutual attachment, which warmed the heart, and qualify for more eminent good, is suspended ; 'tis then he shows how vain to live, when he lives alone.

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